

The Technician

Published Weekly by the Students of N. C. State College of Agriculture and Engineering

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STATE COLLEGE STATION, RALEIGH, N. C., JANUARY 18, 1924

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STATE BEWILDERS MILITARY QUINTET

Collegiate Basketeers Get Revenge on Soldiers, Winning Second Game From Them by Score of 51 to 26

Revenge came so easily to the State College basketball team in the game with the Fort Bragg officers' team Friday night, January 11, that the former defeat of the college cagers by the military quint seems some sort of a fable. State made a steady scoring of the fracas and won, 51 to 26.

Coming to Raleigh for a return engagement after the soldiers had won a close game on the hardwood the soldiers failed to show anything that could touch the work of the State team, which in itself was not a particularly fine brand of basketball.

State at times showed a brilliance in passing and general play and the college work was all several degrees better than that displayed against Mercer last week.

But the game was too easy to demand any brilliance of Doc Crozier's charges who led the first half, 26 to 5, and brought the game to an end after a second period in which every State scrub had a part with a 51 to 26 tally.

Duls, the only college player to stay the whole game, had time to show his stuff and he showed it mightily. He was the leading scorer for State with his total of 18 points. Captain Johnson showed the best play for State while he was in the game during the first half and for a few minutes during the last.

Captain Balmer, of the Bragg team,

(Continued on page 4.)

HOW TO MAKE "Y" A BETTER ORGANIZATION

I want to apologize to the Friendship Council, the Y. M. C. A., the whole student body, and, most of all, to God, for being so unchristian as to try to run the Christian side of this campus with my own strength and not asking for the divine strength of God. I have made a failure as a president to carry out His purpose. It took Sherwood Eddy at the conference to show me where I had failed. And to cause me to have an awakening to God. While listening to him that afternoon as he spoke to the North and South Carolina delegations, I resolved, then and there, that I would give my life to God on this campus, that He might use my life to best advantage. I also resolved that I would give God my very best this year toward carrying out his purpose on this campus—and to try to find out Christ's way and live it in my own life every day, with God's help.

I am not the only one who has failed, for some of you have criticized the

(Continued on page 3.)

Announcement of Beauty Contest, To Be Conducted By and Thru Technician

Beginning with the January 25 issue of THE TECHNICIAN and ending March 31, 1924, THE TECHNICIAN will conduct a beauty contest, the purpose of which is to select the most beautiful girl in Raleigh, including the students at the several girl's colleges, and the handsomest boy at State College.

In each issue of THE TECHNICIAN between the dates of the contest, two coupons will appear, one for voting for the girl and the other for the boy. Each coupon has a value of ten votes. These ballots may be filled in and sent by anyone to the Contest Editor of THE TECHNICIAN. Nominations are not necessary. You may vote for anyone you wish who is made eligible under Section 3 of the rules of the contest.

ONE HUNDRED FREE VOTES will be given with each new subscription to THE TECHNICIAN, payable in advance. Twenty-five free votes will be given with each pledge card that is paid up between the dates of the contest. The person entitled to these free votes may have them credited to any contestant whom he wishes.

A complete list of rules of the contest will be found inside this paper. The coupons will be in each issue between the dates of the contest.

A prize will be awarded to each winner and their pictures will appear in the first April issues of THE TECHNICIAN. The prize has not been decided yet and will be announced in a later issue of this paper.

SHORT-COURSE MEN AND WOMEN NOW AT STATE COLLEGE

As we go about our regular routine of college duties, some of us probably do not realize that there are now several men and also women on this campus who have come here from the various sections of North Carolina for the purpose of taking back to their homes something that will help to pull North Carolina to the front along agricultural lines. We should recognize it as our duty to make these men and women feel as welcome as possible while they are here; for in so doing we will not only encourage more men to come to this College, but will establish a better reputation for our College in the hearts of the people of North Carolina.

These students, about 35 or 40 in number, including about a half dozen young women, are taking work under the Poultry, Animal Husbandry, the Farm Crops, and the Horticulture departments.

These students, especially the women, are taking much interest in Poultry. This shows that men and women in North Carolina are beginning to realize that a fair living can be made from poultry production if the best methods of managing and handling the birds are practiced. The students are also getting valuable information from the Animal Husbandry Department. Few of us realize the importance and profitableness of farm dairying, especially in western

(Continued on page 4.)

AGRICULTURAL CLUB ENDS FALL TERM WITH ELECTION OF OFFICERS

On Tuesday night, January 15, the Agricultural Club closed one of the most successful seasons in its history. Under the able leadership of Mr. C. L. Walton great progress and enthusiasm have been shown during the entire term. The enrollment is greater now than ever before, and the quality of work shown by those on the program denoted careful and thoughtful preparation throughout.

The Agricultural Fair, with Mr. Tilson at its head, which was held under the auspices of the Ag. Club, showed great improvement over the fairs held for the two preceding years. The *N. C. State Agriculturist*, published by members of the Ag. Club, has gained a successful start during the past term. Various methods of advertising the college, and especially the school of agriculture, to the State at large, have been put forward. And in connection with all its achievements, the social life of the club has not been overlooked, as several enjoyable socials have been held during this period.

The officers chosen to pilot the club during the spring term were: J. O. Anthony, president; T. B. Lee, vice president; T. T. Brown, secretary; H. W. Taylor, assistant secretary; C. R. Dillard, treasurer; E. J. Whitaker, assistant treasurer; T. A. White, critic; H. C. Kennette, corresponding secretary; and W. W. White, reporter. The members of the club are confident of an even more successful term this spring.

STATE EASY MEAT FOR DURHAM ELKS

Collegiates Lose to Durham B. P. O. E. Quint in Uninteresting Contest by the Score of 40 to 20

Playing a not very remarkable game of basketball, the Durham Elks ran circles around the State College cagers for an easy victory to the tune of 40 to 20 in the auditorium here Monday, January 14. Only the infusion of new blood in the form of a substitute team saved the West Raleigh aggregation from a more disastrous defeat, these same subs collecting four of the seven field goals that went into the tally for the collegians.

The contest opened with the superiority of the B. P. O. E. quint obvious but with the State basketeers playing a smashing game that forced the ball often under the State basket but never into it. State missed a million easy shots, more or less, in the first half of the game. The intermission showed the Elks far enough in the lead to count on victory with the score reading 16 to 5 in their favor.

With the second period the Durham fraternal ran their point total to 20 before the State men scored once and to 32 before the collegians scored again. Then Coach Crozier sent in all the subs and State staged a little burst that saved them from a swamping at the outcome of the battle.

Standing out above every other player on the floor was Leo Mangum, center for the Elks. He played a fast, aggressive game, passing accurately and shooting with an astonishing pre-

(Continued on page 5.)

TECHNICAL ENGLISH FOR TECHNICAL MEN

1. The ability to write and to speak correct, forceful English cannot be handed out on a silver waiter. Robert Louis Stevenson, the greatest stylist of his generation, writes: "From the arrangement of according letters, which is altogether arabesque and sensual, up to the architecture of the elegant and pregnant sentence, which is a vigorous act of pure intellect, there is scarce a faculty in man but has been exercised."

For its mastery, no subject demands longer, more persistent, severer effort than English.

2. *Longer, more persistent effort.*—English is not a mere factual, descriptive subject: it must be assimilated; its material must become bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. The habit of using good English must be established. Unfortunately, the first step in this process of habit formation, with most students, must be to clear the mental field of wrong habits fixed by

(Continued on page 3.)

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SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:

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Our advertisers were solicited with the purpose of putting before you dependable shopping points. Remember this, and feel perfectly safe in guiding your shopping by The Technician.

Editorials

And, by the way, fellows, the exams are almost upon us. Let's call them necessary evils and let it go at that.

Last week's edition was called the Convention Number; we hope that every issue in the future will be conventional.

How can you say that Darwin is wrong in his theory that man is the cousin to the ape when you hear a pretty girl say that she is the gnat's eyebrow?

Mr. King used Buck as a striking example of a certain subject in the Y. M. C. A. Cabinet meeting last Saturday. If you cannot guess the connection, ask Shorty Walton.

The Prince of Wales is going to South Africa to spend the Leap Year. If you can advance a theory for his trip to these parts you had better keep it to yourself.

We read in the Boston paper that a fire in that city interrupted a wedding. Just the same old case of getting out of the frying pan into the fire. It was tough luck to take the change so quickly.

It was a wise man who said, "If God had made man so that he would have to stop talking when he stopped thinking, it would have saved a great deal of trouble." If this had been the case, some of the Congressmen would be without jobs as well as some of us on the staff.

THE BEAUTY CONTEST

The rules and the announcement of the first Beauty Contest conducted by THE TECHNICIAN appear in this issue. We believe that this will add interest to our paper, and at the same time increase the circulation many fold. The Contest Editor has a job on his hands to run this contest as it should be done, but we feel that he is capable and willing to make it a great success.

It is up to you to help your girl win this contest. Come by the office and talk to the Business Manager about sending the paper to your friends and thereby boost your votes for the girl. Another way that you can help is to join us in securing other fellows to subscribe to THE TECHNICIAN. Why not send the paper to your home-folks and to your girls, too? We would like to see your girl win, too?

TRINITY'S NEW COACH

We take this opportunity to congratulate Trinity College on the selection of her football coach. It is quite evident that the Methodist warriors are going on the warpath in great style in the near future; the securing of a good coach is one of the first essentials, and she has well taken care of that part of the system in the securing of the former Iowa University coach. We shall watch the developments with a great deal of interest, and we wish them every success that should come their way.

If you have been in the Y. M. C. A. lately, you have, no doubt, seen the box containing the apples and oranges in the lobby of the building. This fruit is being sold by a student who is trying to earn his way through college and he is trusting you to give him a fair deal when he leaves his goods where you can conveniently find them at any time. We are quite sure that every student at this college will do his part in seeing that no one from the outside take a dishonest advantage of the goods on sale.

A Wayside Epitaph

A gentleman is here interred;
His touching tale you may have heard.
At sixty per he drove his car,
He traveled fast but not for far.
His car was stopped by a wall of stone.
So he, poor man! came on alone.
These bones are his—old Jimmy
Sound;
This spot is where he hit the ground.
He lightly through the air did skim,
To prove this tale—well, here is Jim."
—Country Gentleman.

Her Strong Point

A little girl of five years was entertaining the callers while her mother was getting ready. One of the ladies remarked to the other with a significant look. "Not very p-r-e-t-y," spelling the last word.
"No," said the child quickly, "but awful s-m-a-r-t."—Boston Transcript.

When Dreams Come True

Small Boy (on arrival at country cottage): Mummy, where is the bathroom?
Mother: There isn't any bath-room, dear.
Small Boy: Good; this is going to be a real holiday.—Punch.

THE COLLEGE CALENDAR

(January 13-19)

SUNDAY

1:30—Friendship Council meets at Y. M. C. A.

Sunday night, Y. M. C. A. Cabinet will conduct Y. W. C. A. meeting at Meredith College.

Monday
Tuesday
Wednesday
Thursday
Friday
Saturday

Examinations!

EXAMINATIONS!!!

Note.—See Bremer for announcements in this column.

RULES GOVERNING BEAUTY CONTEST

1. The contest will begin with this issue and end March 31, 1924.

2. Any person using the coupons which will appear in each issue of THE TECHNICIAN between the dates of the contest may vote.

3. Any girl who is a resident of Raleigh or a student at St. Mary's School, Meredith, or Peace Institute, and any boy who is registered as a student for the spring term at North Carolina State College is eligible for entrance into the contest, except:

4. Members of THE TECHNICIAN staff are ineligible to enter.

5. Voting shall be done ONLY by using the coupons clipped from THE TECHNICIAN as stated in Rule 2.

6. Each coupon, when properly filled in, will be accepted and credited to the entrant as TEN votes.

7. ONE HUNDRED FREE VOTES will be given with each new subscription for one term to THE TECHNICIAN, taken during the contest (price of one-term subscription is one dollar).

8. TWENTY-FIVE FREE VOTES will be given with each pledge card that is paid between the dates of the contest.

9. The Contest Editor reserves the right to disqualify at any time any entrant to the contest.

10. Each week the names of fifteen boys and the fifteen girls who have received the highest number of votes to date will be published.

11. Prizes, which will be announced later, will be given to the boy and to the girl who receives the highest number of votes. In the event that two or more contestants receive the same number of votes, a duplicate prize will be awarded each. The pictures of the two winners of the contest will be published in the first April issue of THE TECHNICIAN.

12. All correspondence, votes, or subscriptions must be sent to the Contest Editor, THE TECHNICIAN, North Carolina State College, West Raleigh, N. C.

LEAZAR SOCIETY MEETS

Leazar Literary Society met on Friday night, January 11, for its first meeting under the new cabinet of officers. The major item on the program was a debate, the query being: "Resolved, That education is more conducive to happiness than wealth." Both the affirmative and the negative sides were presented enthusiastically by those who were so lucky as to get on the program. Mr. M. L. Snipes waxed eloquent in his defense of wealth. In view of the points offered, the judges awarded the decision to the negative side. Most of the men on the program were new in the work, but showed that they had some great ability.

A KNELLOLOGY

(By Percy G. Smith, Civil Engineer, Wells River, Vt.)

The sunset tells the knoll of parting day,

The chairman carelessly winds up the tape,

The transitman now homeward plods his way,

A threatened thunder shower to escape.

The axeman swears as barb wire tears his pants,

A clumsy rodman falls and breaks the rod,

The levelman now does a Spanish dance,

On stirring up some wasps beneath the sod.

Back yonder in that wooded swamp and bog

Is our external secant and P. I.,

The chief had shown while looking up his log,

That sort of humor not described as dry.

The stakes across that meadow were left out,

A sign, "No Trespassing" was up to warn;

An irate farmer put us all to rout

Because he thought the line went through his barn.

Some tales of engineers the senses thrill,

Of burying a dead-man in the street,

Of making streams of water run up hill,

Or how a chainman dropped a hundred feet.

A railroad survey stirs the countryside,

The man in boots and corduroys adores;

His right-of-way is four or five rods wide,

And when he leaves forgets to pay his board.

Some future time when estimates are read,

While standing on this very spot—right here,

Some contractor or other will have said:

"Here lied a most uncivil engineer."

FOR SERVICE

We don't pose as brave Crusaders, but we certainly crusade

In an everlasting fight with Mother Earth;

Every bridge that we have builded, every tunnel that we have made,

Every line that belts the planetary girth

Is a monument of struggle for the betterment of man,

And we did it as we do it, and we will,

By the urge of what's inside us, by the spirit of our clan,

And it's something more than money that pays the bill!

Though we like our share of treasure and the pleasure that it brings,

It is something else that drives us to our goal;

It's the triumph of our labor over elemental things

And the Vision that gives splendor to the whole.

We are members of an order that is guided on by dreams,

By the voice of the Prophets and the seers,

And unless you care for SERVICE more than money-getting schemes,

You had better never join the ENGINEERS.

—Berton Braley.

THE PROPER WAY TO REPORT A WEDDING

Did it ever occur to you that in the unusual news of a wedding a man gets about as much attention as a delegate from a fourth-class principality at a conference of nations. It doesn't seem right. The other night when repeated failures to get to sleep dragged along until the early hours, the observer resolved to change that particular failing. Sometimes he is going to write a wedding story where the Princess Mary gets no more space than Count Lascelles. If he likes the method, it may become universal.

The story will go something like this:

Mr. Phil Burt, son of Mr. and Mrs. Brazil Nut, of Nuttingham, became the bridegroom of Miss Equal Wrights at high noon today. The ceremony took place at the home of the groom's parents and was largely attended.

Mr. Nut was attended by Mr. Pecan as groomsman. As the groom approached the altar, he was the cynosure of all eyes. Blushing prettily, he replied to the questions of the clergyman in low tones but firm. He was charmingly clad in a three-piece suit consisting of a coat, vest and pants. The coat of some dark material and draped about the shoulders and tastefully gathered under the arms. A pretty story was current among the wedding guests that the coat was the same worn by his father and grandfather on their wedding days. Mr. Nut neither affirms nor denies the truth of this sentimental touch. The vest was sleeveless and met in front. It was gracefully fashioned, pockets and at the back held together with strap and buckle. Conspicuous on the front of the vest was the groom's favorite piece of jewelry, an Odd Fellows pin, and from the upper left pocket was suspended a large Ingersoll watch, which flashed and gave the needed touch of brilliance to a costume in perfect taste and harmony.

Beneath the vest, the groom wore blue galluses, attached fore and aft to the pants and passing in a graceful curve over each shoulder. The pretty and useful part of the costume would have passed unnoticed had not the groom muffled the ring when the groomsman passed it to him. When he stooped to recover the errant circlet, the cerulean hue of the galluses was prettily revealed.

His neck was encircled with a collar characterized by a delicate saw-edge, and around the collar a cravat was loosely knotted so that it rode up under his left ear with that studied carelessness which remarks supreme artistry in dress.

Mr. Pecan's costume was essentially like the groom and as the two stood at the altar, a hush of awed admiration enveloped the audience at the complete and wonderful harmony of the raiment. Actually you could hardly have told one from the other had it not been for the patch of court plaster worn by the groom over the niche of his chin, made by a safety razor. Neither Mr. Nut or Mr. Pecan wore a hat at the ceremony.

As Miss Wright led her groom from the nuptials, it was noted that she wore the conventional veil and orange blossoms.—Selected.

Perseus or Somebody Did
"Ever hear the story about the golden fleece?"
"No. Do they bite?"
—Princeton Tiger.

"Vy don't youse pull down the curtains when youse make love to your wife? I saw youse last night."
"Ha! Ha! De joke's on you. Oi wasn't home las' night."—Ex.

How to Make "Y" a Better Organization

(Continued from page 1.)

whole organization of the "Y" and all it has tried to do. I don't mind your criticism, so long as it is justifiable, yet I want to ask, What have you done yourself towards changing the things that bear criticism? Your criticisms are welcomed and so are your suggestions, but, most of all, your help to change the order of things is indeed welcomed.

In order that we may carry out the purpose of the Friendship Council and the "Y," we have got to—every one—be Christians. We will have to re dedicate our lives to Jesus Christ and His teaching. We have got to be dissatisfied with the whole order of things and put our souls into them in order to change them. Our biggest fault is that we sit still and allow things to go on that are known goes on around here, without trying to change them. Gambling goes on next door to us. We see men drunk on our campus. Profane language goes on continuously. We see men loafing. Do we do anything to change these things? As Christian men and men trying to bring Christ on our campus and trying to make our campus a better place to live, we have got to change the order of things on this campus before we can carry out our purpose on this campus.

In order that we may understand fully just what the Friendship Council is and its purpose, I want to outline to you briefly just what is expected of us as members. The Association Friendship Council is a group of students each of whom assumes responsibility for friendly influences with a small, specific number of fellow students. Through the processes of friendship they aim to bring each man in their group (which is our Bible Class) into full understanding of and active fellowship in the purpose of the association. In other words, it is the purpose of the Friendship Council to endeavor to lead men to Christ through the spirit of friendship.

What should constitute Friendship Council members, men that are:

1. A sincere disciple of Christ.
2. Eager to perpetuate His ideals and spirit.
3. Willing to pay prices involved in making himself a real friend of at least the men in this group.
4. Willing to give without exception one hour each week to Council meeting.
5. Willing himself to keep the morning watch.
6. Convinced that prayer is the most effective friendly act.

Fellow members, I hope you will think deeply concerning the things I have said, and let's put forth every effort to bring about a new order of things on this campus and make this old campus a better place to live.

THE SUPERBA

Monday,
Tuesday, Wednesday
and Thursday

"BLACK OXEN"

Starring
Corinne Griffith
and
Conway Tearle

Technical English For Technical Men

(Continued from Page 1)

years of misuse. The habituation to the correct methods of speech and writing takes time. English cannot be crammed. A course of four years in college is not too long.

3. *English is cultural.* "Thy speech betrayeth thee"—and thy writing as well. No college can long maintain a respectable standing if it sends out as graduates men who create either in speech or in writing the impression of lack of this form of culture. It is culture in this form, moreover, that gives the ability to convey thought to others with clearness, force and conviction.

Vice President F. B. Jewett of the Western Electric Company has said: "Since engineering schools are the places where we expect to turn out men who are going to guide technical industries, we should turn out men who know English in a way to enable them to express clearly what they know, so that others may profit by it, because it does none of us very much good to be ever so wise if we cannot express our ideas to others."

4. *English is cultural.* "A knowledge of the best that has been thought and said in the world" is the prime essential of culture in its complete meaning. This "best" is contained in literature, the record of the intellectual and spiritual progress of man-

kind. No man who expects to lead a rich, interesting life among his fellow men, who expects to be more than an obscure cog in some industrial wheel, can afford to be ignorant of this record. And it is still in the making.

5. It should not be necessary to add that training in English in its broadest, fullest sense is equally important for men engaged in business, in farming, in engineering.

The Department of English of State College offers to all the students the opportunity to take this training, and in this way to prepare themselves to make not only a better living, but a richer life.

THOMAS P. HARRISON,
Head of Dept. of English.

He: Are you willing to go to the end of the world with me?

She: Yes, indeed. I love to travel.

Go to E. F. Pescud

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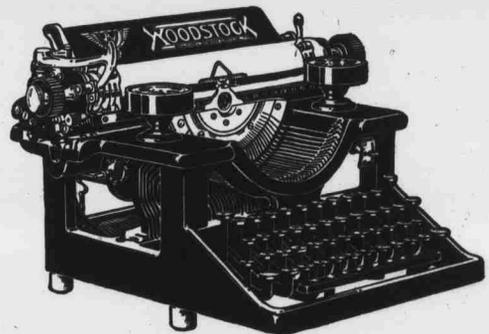
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ONE OF BIGGEST FILMS OF THE YEAR COMING

(Advance Reader)

"Black Oxen," a Frank Lloyd production, released through First National Pictures, and featuring Corinne Griffith and Conway Tearle, is to be the photoplay offering at the Superba Theater, starting Monday, and the booking is looked upon as one of the big cinema events of the season.

The best selling novel of 1923, in book form, "Black Oxen" is said to have been greatly enhanced by the elaborate filming Mr. Lloyd has given it. Dealing with the romance that develops when the rejuvenated Madame Zatianny returns to America on a business trip and finds the first true love she has known, "Black Oxen" presents more than usual interest to picture-goers, it is said. Mr. Lloyd, with the aid of Mary O'Hara, prepared the scenario from which the film play was made, and as a result, critics state, the story runs its length with pleasing rapidity and increasing interest.

Corinne Griffith, regarded as one of filmdom's most beautiful and smartest dressed stars, essays the difficult dual character of Madame Zatianny, and Conway Tearle has been cast as the romanceless newspaper writer, Lee Clavering. Clara Bow, a 17-year-old girl who but recently made her screen debut, was selected for the role of the flapperish Janet Ogletorpe from more than fifty well-known screen ingenues and established flapper types; Alan Hale is seen as Prince Moritz von Hohenhauer; Kate Lester, as Jane Ogletorpe; Harry Mestayer, as Jim Ogletorpe; Claire MacDowell, as Agnes Trevor; Clarissa Selwynne, as Gora Dwight; Tom Guise, as Judge Trent, and Lincoln Stedman, as Donnie Fern, who had a weakness for parties and an utter disregard for Mr. Volstead and his ideas.

Miss Griffith wears more than \$50,000 worth of fashionable furs and gowns during the production and the costuming of members of the supporting cast has cost nearly the same amount.

"Black Oxen" will be given a fitting presentation here, an elaborate musical and short-reel program having been arranged to accompany the screening of the celebrated drama.

ROSE OF MY SOUL

Today thou has left me,
My wonderful, wonderful rose,
And oh, how I miss thee
God only knows.

Now this heart of mine
Nothing can console,
Nothing but my own divine,
O, wonderful Rose of my soul.

Tonight, dear heart, I am alone,
And no one else will do
For my best friend is gone.
O, darling, that friend is you,
Because you are that friend
I shall make your heart my goal,
And I shall have it in the end.
O, wonderful Rose of my soul.

During the days that must come and go
Before my dream comes true,
O, that God may bestow
All that is good to you.
When these long, long days are gone
And I have attained my goal,
Then our hearts shall beat as one,
O, wonderful Rose of my soul.

While these days so slowly go,
My darling I shall be true,
And you in my heart shall ever grow
For Rose, I love you, I love you.
I will be waiting, my dearest one,
For I shall attain my goal.
Then I shall be "second to none,"
O, wonderful Rose of my soul.

—By a State College Student, '26.

State Bewilders Military Quintet

(Continued from Page 1)

was the individual star of the game, standing like a giant among his pigmy playmates and scoring a total of 16 points for his team.

Altogether it was a pretty poor game, with the soldiers offering little real competition and State showing improvement but not called upon to display it.

The line-up and summary:

State	Fort Bragg
Wray	Stuntz
Right Forward	
Duls	Williams
Left Forward	
McGowan	Balmer, Capt.
Center	
Johnson, Capt.	Combs
Right Guard	
Wallis	Hamilton
Left Guard	

Substitutes for State: Long for Wray, Correll for McGowan, Luther for Wallis, Beatty for Johnson, Powell for Luther, Johnson for Beatty, McGowan for Correll, Wallis for Powell.

Substitutes for Bragg: Hittle for Williams, Becket for Hittle.

Scoring for State: Field goals, Duls 9, Johnson 3, McGowan 4, Long 2, Wray 2, Correll 2; goals after fouls, Long 3, McGowan 2.

Scoring for Bragg: Field goals, Balmer 6, Stuntz 2, Combs 2; goals after fouls, Balmer 4, Stuntz 1, Hittle 1.

Referee, Doak, Guilford.

Short-Course Men and Women Now at State College

(Continued from Page 1)

North Carolina. No less important is the Farm Crops Department, where these students learn much concerning the various crops grown in North Carolina, the main ones studied being cotton and tobacco. Last, but far from least, is the Horticulture Department, where these short-course students learn the various methods of making this part of the country more profitable by fruit growing. In this department information concerning vegetables and all kinds of fruits is presented to them in a direct and concise way.

We feel sure that the students who have a reasonable amount of interest in these studies will reap considerable benefit by the ten days of study given to them. We are thank-

ful for this number of students who have taken advantage of the few days of training, which will surely make farming a much better occupation for them. Even though farmers are almost always busy, we are confident that there are many other farmers in this State of ours who could easily make farm life more enjoyable and profitable to them by taking advantage of these few days of training which are offered when farmers can best spare the time.

A. B. HUNTER.

Nellie—Why, Florrie, your lips are chapped.
Florrie—Yes, the chaps just won't let 'em alone.—Ex.

Onlooker (watching a fist-fight): Brace up, old boy, can't you stop those blows?

Combatant: Stop 'em! Do you see any of them getting by?—Ga. Cracker.

Ikey: Bet you can't guess vot I'm got to my house.

Jakie: Vot you got, a little home brew?

Ikey: Nein, a little Hebrew.—Jade.

"What do you think you're going to get for breakfast that begins with an 'N'?"

"N'egg?"

"Nothing."

—Stanford University Chaparral.

Grandma Boston Again
New Yorker: You see, the difference between you and I . . .
Bostonian: Yes, that's the difference.
—University of Iowa Frivol.

Ned: What is going on tonight?
Ed: Same old thing, nightshirt.
—Stanford University Chaparral.

"It's a dirty lie," said the golfer, as he discovered his golfball in the mud-hole.—Cornell Widow.

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THE STUDENTS' FORUM

A column conducted for your personal opinion. Tell it through "THE TECHNICIAN."

WHAT DO WE WANT? WE WANT A CHEER LEADER

Be it henceforth and forever known that the last thing we want to do is to hurt anybody's feelings. If N. C. State College in Raleigh, North Carolina, has a cheer leader we must at once beg his pardon, and reprimand him severely for not functioning. Personally, we are not acquainted with anyone whom, to our knowledge, has been named as such by the Student Body. We do know this much: That since we are members of the Class of '25, we are proud to state that our class has honored itself by furnishing the only two men, namely, Eddie Ruffy and Red Clifford, who has the "guts" and "sticktoitiveness" to serve as the backbone of the cheer leading staff last year, and to bear the whole brunt of the seemingly unwelcome and shunned job this year. To you Red, and to you Ed, we, as members of the Class of '25, and as representatives of the Student Body, take off our hats! Will you two loyal members of the Student Body please tell us what's the matter with your job that everybody dislikes it? It is true that when we lose you get "picked on"—we suppose because you are the nearest thing the Student Body can find to pick on—but it is also true that you win the smiles and admiration of many more of the "fair admirers" of old N. C. State than any other two boys on our campus. Then, why is it that we haven't a cheer leader? We'll "guarantee" that we're going to have a cheer leader, and at least one assistant, or perhaps we'll just have two cheer leaders next year! Who can guess who they'll be?

Now, men of State College, lend us your ears. How do you like this? It has been suggested that we put the cheer leader's job on the competitive basis just as the athletic manager's job is. This thought suggests itself: Why not have a cheer leader's club? Requirements for membership being, first, a man must be a member of the State College Student Body; second, he must declare a willingness to serve on the cheer leading staff as an assistant cheer leader, representing the class of which he is a member; and third, he must serve on committees, appointed by the president of the club, who would naturally be the cheer leader, elected by the Student Body, to lead the yelling and singing at certain specified games, etc.

Would such a club go? To do so it would necessarily have to have some members. Are there enough men in our Student Body who have the "guts" and the love for our college to come out for such a thing? Of course the head cheer leader would be elected from among the Senior members of the club each year, regardless of what class they might belong to. Perhaps the Student Body would allow the club to nominate the men eligible for the job from year to year. This job, as perhaps you already know, carries with it a sweater and cheer leader's circle, same as the team managers get monograms.

Another thing which suggests it-

self is this: Perhaps we could turn the club into a cheer leader's coaching class at the beginning of each year, and especially now, as soon as it is organized (if it is), for the purpose of teaching the new men how to lead yells. You ask, "Who's to do the coaching?" Fair enough. The writer has in mind a member of the faculty who has had some experience along this line, and who has never failed us when we needed him.

One more thought suggests itself. We are all aware of the fact that we are rapidly in need of an appropriate song with which we might sing our praises to our alma mater. Such an organization as a cheer leader's club would serve to stimulate thought and action along these lines and perhaps would result in our obtaining a good song of which we might justly be proud.

Men of State College, will such a club go? Will you be willing to give up a little of your time to help direct the wonderful spirit shown this year into profitable lines—to keep it alive and thriving—to help make a greater and bigger N. C. State? If we had enough men out we could alternate on some of the games, especially the basketball games, and not make it so hard on a few, as we are doing Ed and Red. Then, will you get behind it and make it go? We'll give you an opportunity to say what you think about it in THE TECHNICIAN next week and then we're going to try it! If you approve it, say so. If you don't say so. Whatever you think about it, tell it to THE TECHNICIAN next week.

L. A. BROTHERS.

Casey McCarty had fallen out of the tenth story window and the physician had pronounced him dead. Some of his friends were carrying the remains home when one of them said they ought to prepare his wife for the shock. Mike agreed to do it. He went upstairs first and rapped on the door and said: "Does the widow McCarty live here?"

"O!m Missus McCarty, but O!m no widow."

"The devil ye're not," said Mike. "Wait till yez see what we're bringin' up the stairs."—Ex.

James: See that woman with the dirty face, daddy?

Father: Why, James, her face is not dirty. She is that way all over.

James: Gee! pa, you know every-thing.—Humbug.

"Cramming"
and studying makes
strong eyes tired
and weak.

CONSULT—

Duoniskis

And let us fit you with a pair of glasses.



**They Relieve
the Strain**

State Easy Meat For Durham Elks

(Continued from Page 1)

Mangum nailed a total of 16 points for the Durham crew. Hefin shares the honors with him, playing a fine defensive guard that left his opponent scoreless and tallying five field goals. The veteran Sis Perry, captain of the fraternal, played a fair game.

For State there was no outstanding player, and certainly no star. Correll and Wray led the scoring for the collegians, each getting four points. Captain Johnson got four personal fouls before he got four points and left the game.

The line-up and summary:

State	Durham Elks
Wray	Montgomery
	Right Forward
Duls	Pery, Capt.
	Left Forward
McGowan	L. Mangum
	Center
Wallis	Hefin
	Right Guard
Johnson, Capt.	F. Mangum
	Left Guard

Scoring for Durham Elks: Field goals, L. Mangum 4, Montgomery 3, Perry 3, Hefin 5. Goals after fouls,

L. Mangum 8, Montgomery 1, Perry 1. Scoring for State: Field goals, Correll 2, Duls 1, Wray 1, Johnson 1, Luther 1, Long 1. Goals after fouls, Gray 2, Duls 1, McGowan 1, Johnson 1, Beatty 1.

Substitutes for Durham Elks: Borland for Montgomery, Montgomery for F. Mangum.

Substitutes for State: Beatty for Johnson, Luther for Wallis, Long for Duls, Correll for McGowan, Green for Wray.

Referee, Steiner, Syracuse.

"Is this cup sanitary?"
"Must be; everybody uses it."
—Orange Bowl.

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This announcement will be of interest and good news to the many policyholders of the Company in Raleigh and vicinity, and of like interest to future policy holders.

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This Company paid in cash to living policyholders of maturing policies \$4,080,791.90, during the year 1922.

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SPLINTERS

from
The North Carolina Pine

Absinthe make the heart grow fonder,
Makes the light go blinking yonder,
Makes one lamppost look like ten.
Absent absinthe, come again.

—Octopus.

Mrs. Prof.: My husband is so careless. His buttons are forever coming off.

Mrs. Stude: Perhaps they are not sewed on carefully.

Mrs. Prof.: That's just it. He is terribly careless with his sewing.—Ex.

As the mother was trying to talk to the butcher over the telephone the baby she held kept grabbing at the receiver. This is what the butcher heard: "Send me two pounds of fresh—baby!—beef and two dozen eggs. You stop that or I'll spank you! The last you sent were stale. You naughty boy!"—Ex.

Fair Visitor (on battleship): "Is there some place on board where I can get a drink of water?"

The Gob (very politely): "Certainly, Miss. At the scuttlebutt, on the starboard side of the gun deck, 'midships, just for-rud of the dynamo hatch."—Ex.

Before another term rolls around we would like to add the following questions to the psychological test for Freshmen:

Who climbed the Saturday Evening Post?

Who are the pupils in your eyes?
How high will Balcony have to go before he bursts?

How far is a mile down the road?
Does night break when it falls?
Is day destroyed when it breaks?
How fast would we have to drive to keep time from passing?—Ex.

The difference between a hair dresser and a sculptor is that a hair dresser curls up and dyes while a sculptor makes faces and busts.—Ex.

This also reminds us that the difference between a woman and an umbrella is that you can shut an umbrella.—Ex.

A famous violinist who had formed an acquaintance with an old Irishman called around to play for him while on his deathbed. After playing "In Old Ireland's Fairest Hills" with so much melody, the Irishman groaning, turned over and said, "I want you to play that at my funeral, I would like so well to hear it again."—Ex.

He: Where did you do most of your skating while learning?
She: I think you're horrid.—Ex.

In the latest crop report the government reports a big prune crop. Heaven help us poor college boarders.—Ex.

Some of the factors determining a girl's popularity are:

1. A comfortable parlor.
2. The lighting effects.
3. How hard father is.
4. A first-class divan.
5. Last, but not least, no fence to jump in case we have to run.—Ex.

Not the Right Kind of Model

Wife: I don't see why you never use me for a model. My first husband always did.

Artist: Yes, my dear, but your first husband was an illustrator of comic papers.—Ex.

"I phoned a football man last night and used up five nickels talking to him."

"Rather expensive, wasn't it?"
"Oh, no; I got my quarterback."—Pitt Panther.

One reason why there are no women locomotive engineers is that they would have to be out all night with the fast mails.—Collegians.

Break, break break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea,
But I bet you could break for fifty years,

And not be as broke as me.
—Kentucky Wesleyan.

Every dog has his day, but the dog with a sore tail has a week end.

First Flea: Been on a vacation?
Second Flea: Nope; been on a tramp.—Ex.

A: Do you like talkative girls or others?
B: What others?

Mr. Warren (to the fourth hour geometry class): What Q. E. D. mean after a proposition?

Yates: Quit and eat dinner.—Ex.

Wife: Do you know that you talk in your sleep?

Mr. Peck: Do you begrudge me those few words?—Ex.

An Irishman, not familiar with horses, joined the cavalry and immediately found himself prostrate on the ground. His officer, seeing him on the ground: "From what quarters did you receive orders to dismount?"

The Irishman replied: "From the hindquarters, sir."

Doctor: You seem to cough more easily this morning.

Patient: I ought to. I practiced all night.—Ee-Aw.



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In the Summer, at Least

You can get up with the sun if you don't stay out too late with the daughter.—Log.

True to the Proverb

Sub-head, "Shot to Death, He Refuses to Give Name of Assassin." His excuse, no doubt, being that dead men should tell no tales.—Ex.

One of the most dangerous callings in the world is calling the other man a liar.—Ex.

Mother (alarmed): Why do you keep Radford in suspense? Why don't you say, "Yes"?

Daughter (coolly): I'm just getting even with him.—Bethel College.

It Pays to Tell the Truth

It was Miss Dimtha Foote-Lites' birthday and the gifts from her admirers were coming in by the score. The last to arrive was a casket from Tiffany's.

With eager fingers she opened it and found a small pearl necklace, evidently of great value. With it was a note from her wealthiest suitor:

"Dear Dimmy: I am sending you this little token of my love; I hope you will think of me when you wear it. You will note that there are twen-

ty-two pearls in it—one for each year since you were born—"

She sank into a chair, her face convulsed with grief. "Oh!" she wailed. "If I had only told him my real age!"
—Penn State Froth.

The Way It Happened

A dainty young miss named Co
And a gallant young beau called Ed

Had a date one night
In the pale moonlight—

They went to the park, so 'tis said.
—Ex.

He: There is a certain question I've wanted to ask you for weeks.

She: Well, hurry up. I've had the answer ready for months.—Ex.

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THE BRIDGE BUILDER

(This poem was found by the Editor in the office of the Road Commissioner of Wake County. Author unknown.)

An old man, going a lone highway,
Came at the evening, cold and gray,
To a chasm vast and deep and wide.
The old man crossed in the twilight dim—

The sullen stream had no fear for him.
But he turned when safe on the other side
And built a bridge to span the tide.

"Old Man," said a fellow pilgrim near,
"You're wasting your strength with building here;
Your journey will end with the ending day,
You never again will pass this way;
You've crossed the chasm deep and wide,
Why build you this bridge at evening tide?"

The builder lifted his old gray head—
"Good friend, in the path I have come," he said,
"There followeth after me today
A Youth whose feet must pass this way.
This chasm that has been as naught to me,
To that fair-head youth may a pitfall be.
He, too, must cross in the twilight dim—
Good friend, I am building this bridge for him."

In Memoriam

Come all you gentlemen,
Take warning from me;
Never hang your affection
On a green growing tree.
For the leaves they will wither,
And the roots they will die;
And the girls they will fool you
As one has fooled me.
They'll hug you and kiss you,
And tell you more lies;
Than there's cross-ties on railroads
And stars in the sky.
—G. B. Boliek.

The Irish nightwatchman at the observatory was new. He paused to watch a man peering through a large telescope. Just then a star fell.
"Man aloive!" he exclaimed in amazement, "You're shure a foine shot."—The "E" Weekly.

The boy stood by the burning deck
As up in smoke it shot,
For all night long he'd played with it
And never won a pot.
—American Legion Weekly.

Clerk: Hose, madam? What number?
Lady: Two, of course. What do you think I am—a centipede?—Ex.

The Millenium

Our idea of a fellow
Who has a drag with the
Girls is one who
Kisses them and then
Pushes them away
Saying they can't
Have any more.
—Yale Record.

Flip: May I ask you for this dance?
Flap: Please do; I've been dying to refuse you all the evening.—Ex.

Father: My boy, you must cut out this drinking; it shortens your life one-half.
Soaked Son: Well you see twice as much.—Ex.

"See that old girl over there? She was a war bride."
"Good Lord! She must be at least seventy."
"Yeh. She was a Civil War bride."
—Stanford University Chaparral.

Hubby (over the phone): "Is that you, dear? I just called up to say that I'm afraid I won't be able to get home to dinner tonight, as I am detained at the office."
Wifey (in sympathetic reply): "You poor dear, I don't wonder. How you get anything done at all, with that orchestra playing in your office, is more than I can see. Goodbye!"—The Malt-easer (Grinnell).

Signs Again

Boss: Don't you know this is a private office. How much did you pay the office boy to let you in?
Job Hunter: I got in free, sir. It says "No Admission" on the door.—Beanpot.

Did you ever stop to think of the exceptions to the laws of physics?
Sound travels at the rate of 400 yards per second. Exceptions:
Cloverleaf scandal, 2,000 yards.
Flattery, 500 yards.
Truth, 3 yards.
The bugle, 1 yard.
Alarm clock, ? ? ? ? ?
—Sandspur.

Attendant: Me man, don't you see that "No Smoking" sign?
Me Man: Well, I'm not smoking.
Attendant: But you have a pipe in your mouth.
Me Man: Sure, and I've shoes on me feet, but I'm not walking.—Yale Record.

It was evening, and several callers were chatting in the parlor, when a patter of little feet was heard at the head of the stairs. Mrs. Hybrow raised her hand for silence. "Huh! the children are going to deliver their good-night message," she said softly. "It

always gives me a feeling of reverence to hear them. They are so much nearer to the Creator than we are, and they speak the love that is in their hearts never so fully as when night has come. Listen."

There was a moment of tense silence. Then, "Mamma," came the message in a shrill whisper, "Willie found a bed-bug."—The Oracle.

"Speed is the most absent-minded chap I ever saw," remarked a clubman to a fellow member.

"What's he been doing now?" inquired the other.

"Why, this morning he thought he'd left his watch at home and then he took it out to see if he had time to go back and get it."

"That isn't as bad," said the second man, "as the time when he left his office and put out a card saying he'd be back at 3 o'clock and then finding he'd forgotten something went back to his office, read the notice on the door

and sat down on the stairs to wait until 3 o'clock"—Ex.

The Figures Were Correct

Artist (revealing his latest effort to a prospective purchaser): "This, sir, is my most recent masterpiece. Is it not magnificent? Believe me, when I tell you that ten thousand would not buy it from me, but . . ."

Patron: Oh, yes. I believe you, in fact, I'm one of the ten thousand.—Princeton Tiger.

Real Property

Villager (with pride): There's lots to our little town.

City man (sarcastically): Yes; nothing else.—Cornell Widow.

"That young man had no business to kiss you last night," said Mother to the sweet young thing.

"Oh, Maw, how can you say such things? That wasn't business. It was pleasure!"—Judge.



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THE FORD DEALER

THE BELL TELEPHONE AND COLLEGE STUDENT

The Bell System has for years followed the practice of presenting to exceptional college graduates opportunities for technical and administrative work in the telephone business.

The system comprises 17 operating telephone companies that cover the United States, a long-distance organization that links them all together, a manufacturing company that produces telephone apparatus and supplies, and a headquarters organization at New York that carries on development research and statistical work for the system as a whole.

The telephone business needs technically trained men because of the many technical aspects of its work, particularly at this time when the complexity of telephone operating, telephone transmission and applications of radio to telephone communication are all increasing at a very rapid rate.

Last year 1100 picked men from the best colleges in the country came into the various branches of the telephone system. This was about our normal need for 1923, and the need for 1924 will probably reach about the same figure.

Systems and plans for putting the opportunities before college men have been carefully worked out and so coordinated that representatives of the various branches of the system who seek men in the same territories do so without conflict or apparent competition. To this end, one delegation representing the various interests of the Bell System visits each college each year, presenting all of the varied opportunities in telephone work and offering the student the choice of such broad fields of endeavor as would be included under: Development and research, manufacturing, sales and distribution, accounting in finance, engineering of outside telephone plant, engineering of telephone buildings and equipment and administrative supervision.

Viewing the field from another angle, the opportunity embraces work in either an operating telephone company, such as the Southern Bell, or a manufacturing company, such as the Western Electric or the General Headquarters organization, which serves like all of the companies composing the Bell System.

From a geographical standpoint, the opportunities are nation-wide, and because of the co-operative arrangement existing between the various branches of the system, a student also has an opportunity to elect the particular section of the country in which he would be best satisfied to live and work in.

The majority of the men are put through an introductory training course of from three to five months' duration, in which they are given an intensive course which gives them a broad acquaintance with the fundamentals of the telephone business. Upon completion of such a course, each student is assigned to some department of the company and that line of endeavor within the department that affords for him the best opportunity for advancement.

The system endeavors to make its final selections before employment, since it expects to retain in its service permanently every man that is employed, and the records show that this is carried out in practice in all but a very few exceptional cases.

The starting rate of pay is about the same all over the country except in some of the larger centers, where, because of higher living costs, the starting rate is greater than it is in other sections of the country. This rate varies from \$23 a week to \$27 a week, and increases are given at the end of

the training course and at the end of the first year of service, after which time each man progresses on the basis of his own particular merits.

The needs of the telephone system for exceptional college men are so carefully canvassed and the plan of introducing college men into the business has been so thoroughly worked out that the system has never yet found itself in possession of more college graduates than it was able to properly assimilate and to use in positions that were commensurate with the ability of an exceptionally college trained man.

It was between dances. They were sitting in a dim corner of the porch—he and she. He moved towards her gently, caressingly, until her face was close to his.

"You have such wonderful eyes," he murmured.

"Yes?" she inquired expectantly.

"They are like stars," he went on.

His short, quick breaths fanned her cheek as he leaned closer, still closer.

Her head went up to his, her lips al-

most brushed his, as he panted. "They are so very bright."

His arm went out, his hand fumbled in his pocket. With a quick gesture he drew forth a glittering object: "They are so very bright," he repeated passionately. Then thrust his watch before her. "See if you can see the time in the dark."—Ex.

First Lieutenant, after his company had been reprimanded by Colonel: "Fellows, so far, I have been very lax with you, and henceforth I will allow none of you any liberties whatsoever."

Voice from Rear Rank: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

First Lieut., angrily: "Who said that?"

Voice from R. R.: "Patrick Henry."—Ex.

It's easy to smile,

When your dates are alone—

And there's not a bothering sound.

But the man worth while

Is the man who can smile

When the family lingers around.

—Punch Bowl.

Forgetting

Here's to the girl that's mine, all mine.
She drinks and she bets
And she smokes cigarettes,
And sometimes I'm told she goes out
and forgets
That she is mine—all mine.
—Iowa State Green Gander.

His arm was 'round my shoulders laid,
He pressed my head against his
breast.
I sighed, but not a word was said,
I felt his heart beat through his
vest.

His fingers warm upon my cheek
Still toward his eyes compelled my
face;
I only felt—I could not speak,
Fast fettered in that close embrace.

Pained, racked, so tired I fain would
flee;
His voice my futile efforts stilled,
"Oh, just a little patience, see!"
I rise, I smile, my front tooth's
filled!



EXHIBITION of CLOTHES AND HABERDASHERY

TODAY and TOMORROW

January 18 and 19

MR. HARRY B. GOODE

Representative

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